Are the riders coming? Through the dark? (part two)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14246484.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Love, Post-Fall (Hannibal)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 15 of Tomorrow was our Golden Age.
Stats:	Published: 2018-04-09 Words: 463 Chapters: 1/1

Are the riders coming? Through the dark? (part two)

by Zigzagwanderer

Summary

Continues from previous part of the series. Will and Hannibal are living on an island under their pseudonyms of Thom and Eirik Buckley. Thank you to everyone who has read these stories, I am really grateful!xxx

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will says; *would you please put this on?*

And then he says; *would you please come in here, and sit down?*

And Hannibal, unquestioningly, does all that Will asks.

Outside, the spring snaps diamond teeth down into the dark blue water. Its breath kills the newborn, out in the skerries.

Inside, the tall towers of wax beacon the centre of the dining room table; they signal the very centre of the world.

Stags paw eternally at their bone-coloured domain. Figs glisten. A carpaccio of something insolent and prejudiced awaits.

Will rises, at the edge of the light, in clothes that he did not know he owned.

He stands still, and allows Hannibal to move over him; Hannibal is moving over him and through the raven-blue of the immaculate material, through Will's close-fitting shirt and over his washed and scented skin. Will's body rises, rising to meet Hannibal's movements although they occur only in their joined memories and in their forward-falling thoughts; Hannibal touches Will without moving from his seat. Will feels Hannibal's hands on him although they do not move from where they are stilled in Hannibal's lap. Will closes his eyes.

Then he opens them and looks at Hannibal, dressed in an even darker blue, an abyssal blue, watching him.

Will circles the table, and he comes to stand at the side of Hannibal's chair.

He encircles Hannibal, and closes his eyes again.

"Three years to the day that Thom met Eirik," Will says quietly. "I decided. So, it's an anniversary. Not ours, Hannibal. But maybe we could make it ours, tonight."

He bends and kisses Hannibal's mouth.

Hannibal kisses back, hungrily. It is a sliding together, down into the void. A deep, dark blue kiss.

"Do we not have our own occasions to commemorate?" He murmurs. "Ordeals endured? Encounters survived?"

Kisses slow time. They cannot reverse it.

Hannibal puts his hand up. Will's hair is just growing back long enough to curl over itself, wrap around his fingers. He will swallow every blade in the Baltic sooner than have Will cut it again.

"Should we not keep our own calendarium, Will, to recall the debts which are due, and call them to account?"

But Will cannot.

He trembles in Hannibal's arms. "Not yet. Not yet. But we could create something new to celebrate, for now."

The beeswax honeys the air and the darkness of the small, dim dining room. Will kneels. Rests his head. Hannibal pulls a plate over to him. Will's lips part.

After a while, Will says; *Do you remember when we met, Eirik?*

There is a pause, then; *Yes. How could I forget?*

“Then tell me, baby,” Will says, into the deep blue darkness. “Tell me again how it was, when I met the love of my life.”

End Notes

I have written the next bit, where H makes up a tale of how Thom met Eirik.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!